

INDIAN LEGENDS

Told by Iron Eyes and Birdie Parker Cody





Great Spirit Prayer

Oh Great Spirit Whose Voice in the winds I hear,
And Whose Breath gives life to all the world —
Hear me.
Before You I come, one of Your many children.
Small and weak am I.
Your strength and wisdom I need.
Make me walk in beauty.
Make my heart respect all You have made,
My ears to hear Your Voice.
Make me wise that I may know all You have taught
my people.
The lessons You have hidden in every rock.
I seek strength, not to be superior to my brother.
Make me able to fight my greatest enemy — myself.
Make me ready to stand before You with clean and
straight eyes.
When life fades, as the fading sunset, may our
spirits stand before You without shame.

This book is
dedicated to
my wife, Birdie,
and our grandson,
Little Iron Chebon Cody.

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With the words, "Many moons ago . . .", countless generations of American Indian children have settled down to hear a story. This collection of legends has been gathered from many tribes, carefully translated, and dedicated to the hope that every tribe in the family of man may one day sit in peace around the campfire.

The interest of my wife and I in the old stories and customs of my people goes back to early boyhood when I learned much about Indian lore from my father, Thomas Long Plume. In later life as I traveled about the country, I had the opportunity to visit many of my Indian brothers who told me the legends of their own tribes.

There is great wisdom to be found in these stories which are often used to teach children and prepare them for the Indian way of life. And so my wife and I have written down and preserved these gifts from the past as part of the heritage of all Americans — Indian and white alike.

Although my late wife, Birdie, and I have often told these legends to children and groups of young people, they have never been gathered together in book form. Recently, my friend Tom Constantino told me about some of the good work he is supporting in the Mohawk Valley of New York State and I decided to offer him this collection of Indian lore for publication.

You will be glad to know that proceeds from the sale of this book will go to some wonderful causes: In memory of my wife, I will continue to support Hope Ranch in Montana which takes care of homeless children of all races and creeds; Tom will use the book to promote unity among all people under the banner of a Great Cross which will hopefully be erected near an early Mohawk Indian village. Other projects will praise the memory of a saintly Mohawk Indian maiden, Kateri Tekakwitha who is now called Blessed by the Roman Catholic Church.

It is my hope that this book will help all who read it to walk in balance — that is, to understand the relationship between man and nature and to be guided by the Great Spirit who watches over us all.

Dion Esper Loh

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Symbolism of the Eagle Feather

as told by the Pawnee Tribe

The American Indians did not have books to read to their children. It was through the telling of stories to the children that they learned the beautiful legends and history of their particular Indian tribe. Sometimes, they inscribed or drew pictures on a buffalo hide or on the sandy rocks to tell of an incident or leave a message. But mostly, they relied on memory to carry on their traditions, rituals, and lore. Sometimes, favorite stories were told over and over again, sometimes gaining or losing the material in the story, but the basic formula always remained the same.

I shall tell you about the symbolism of the eagle feather as told by the Pawnee Indians.

In the beginning, the Great Spirit above gave to the animals and birds wisdom and knowledge and the power to talk to men. He sent these creatures to tell man that he showed himself through them. They would teach a chosen man sacred songs and dances, as well as much ritual and lore.

The creature most loved by the Great Spirit was the eagle, for he tells the story of life. The eagle, as you know, has only two eggs; and all living things in the world are divided into two. There is man and woman, male and female, and this is true with animals, birds, trees, flowers, and so on. All things have children of two kinds so that life may continue. Man has two eyes, two hands, two feet, he has body and soul, substance and shadow.

Through his eyes he sees pleasant and unpleasant scenes, through his nostrils he smells good and bad odors, with his ears he hears joyful news and words that make him sad. His mind is divided between good and evil. His right hand he may often use for evil, such as war or striking a person in anger. But his left hand, which is near his heart, is always



full of kindness. His right foot may lead him on the wrong path, but his left foot always leads him the right way. And so it goes; we have daylight and darkness, summer and winter, peace and war, and life and death.

In order to remember the lesson of life, look to the great eagle, the favorite bird of the Great Spirit. The eagle feather is divided into two parts, part light and part dark. This represents daylight and darkness, summer and winter, peace and war, and life and death. So that you may remember what I have told you, look well upon the eagle, for his feathers, too, tell the story of life.

Look at the feathers I wear upon my hand. The one on the right is large and perfect and is decorated; this represents man. The one on my left is small and plain; this represents woman. The eagle feather is divided in two parts, dark and white. This represents daylight and darkness, summer and winter. For the white tells of summer, when all is bright, and the dark represents the dark days of winter.

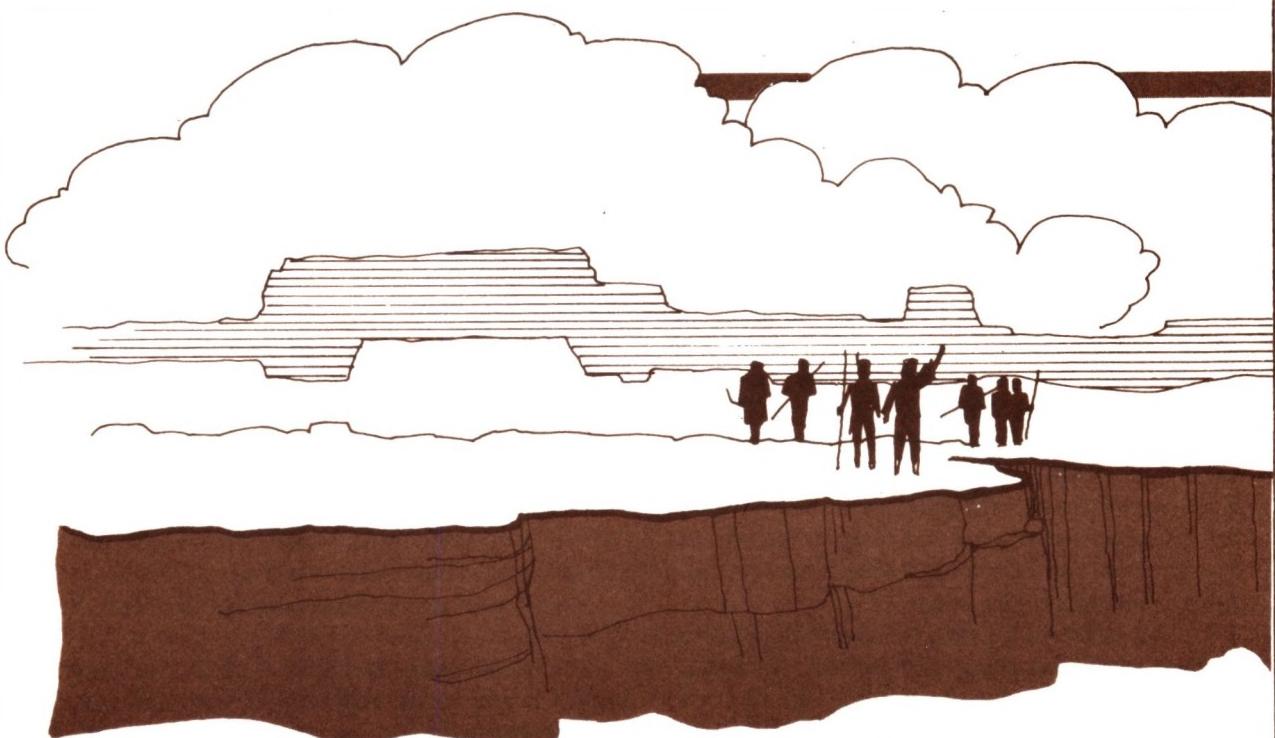
My children, remember what I tell you. For it is you who will choose the path in life you will follow — the good way or the wrong way.

When you are confused, breathe your prayer on the eagle's pure white down and send it heavenward and you may know the Great Spirit will listen. When you earn the right to wear the eagle's feathers by your acts of valor, wear them with dignity and pride, for you know that through them you will always remember the story of life.

Go now my children to your tipis, and may your dreams be pleasant ones.



Utah Grand Canyon Story



Many, many moons ago, there was a great chief, who lived in Utah. He was growing old; and so, he called together all the wise men of the Ute tribe and said, "It is time I turned my duties over to my son, Brown Hawk. I am growing old and soon will pass on. I wish Brown Hawk to take a wife first, so that he will have sons to carry on."

The wise men agreed and called Brown Hawk before them and told him what he must do. "I cannot find a girl that pleases me; otherwise, I would have married long ago," answered Brown Hawk. "Why not look elsewhere my son?" said the father. Brown Hawk, with two of his friends, traveled from tribe to tribe watching many of the ceremonies, traveling on, always searching for the right girl.

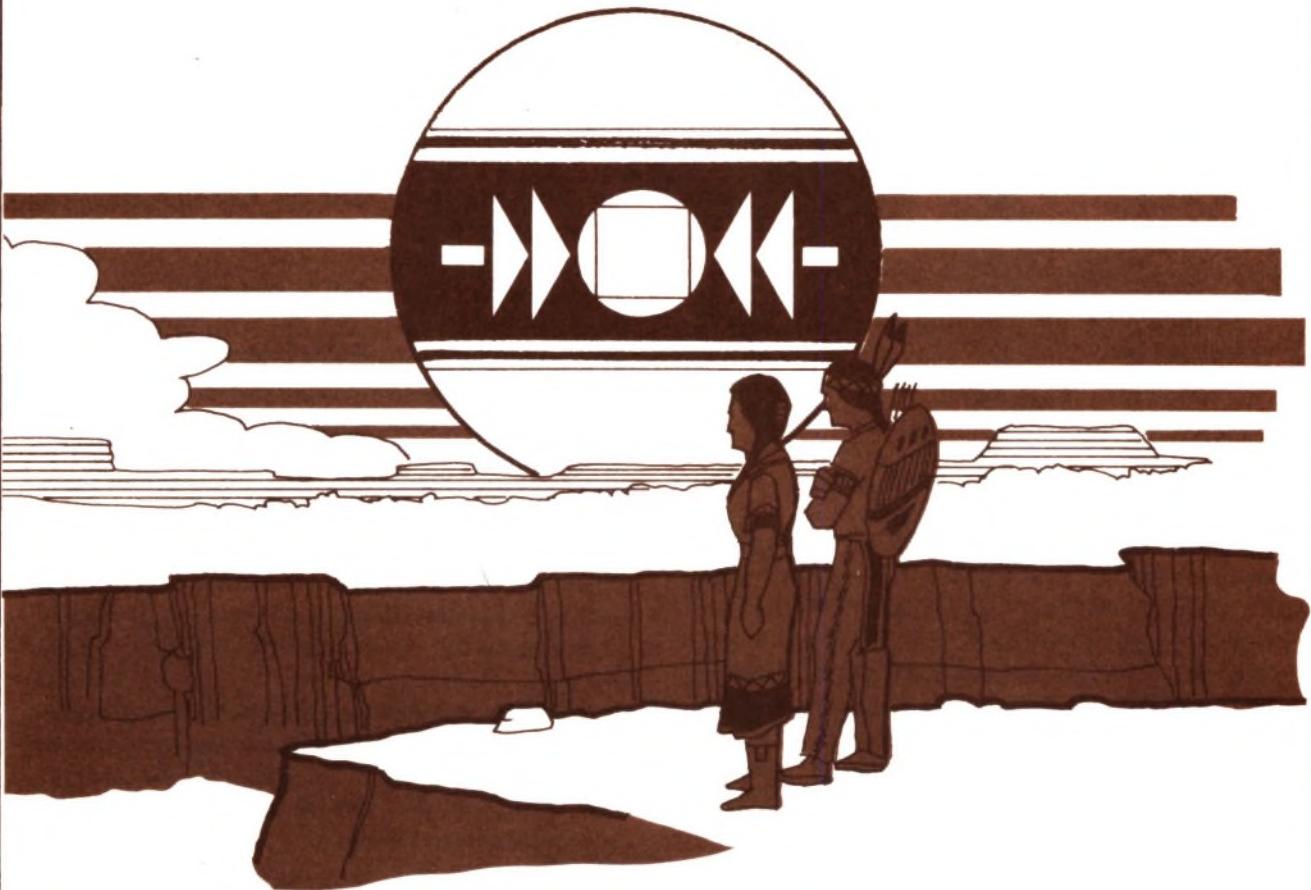
Finally, they climbed a high mesa in Arizona and entered one of the Hopi villages. They lingered and watched many of the tribal ceremonies. Finally, Brown Hawk saw a

parade of pretty Hopi girls whose hairdresses showed that they were ready for marriage.

One beautiful girl attracted his attention. He stared at her. She smiled at him and passed on by. At that moment, Brown Hawk knew that his long search for a wife was over. He asked one of the villagers who she was and was told that she was Yellow Flower, the daughter of one of the head men of the village. He went to her father and said, "I wish to marry your daughter and take her back to the land of the Utes where soon I will be the chief of my tribe."

"I do not approve of mixed marriages," replied her father. "Your people are war-like, while my tribe, the Hopi are called 'The Peaceful People'. I shall never give my consent. So, it is best that you leave our village at once, if you ever wish to return to your land alive."

Not to be discouraged, Brown Hawk went to the young girl and said, "Yellow Flower, I wish to marry you and take you back to my land of tipis, green forests, and deep streams. Your father will not give his consent and has ordered



me to leave, but I cannot go without you. Will you come with me?"

"I must learn to know you first," she replied. "Meet me at the foot of the mesa tonight, and we shall talk." After many secret meetings, during which Brown Hawk told her of his land and people, Yellow Flower finally said, "Meet me under Rainbow Bridge at the next full moon. My father will be away on a hunting trip."

The time arrived, and they met under the bridge; and with a full moon shining down on them, they said their marriage vows before the Great Spirit with Brown Hawk's two friends as witnesses.

The young couple and friends hurried on and walked through the painted desert. On and on they walked without stopping. Yellow Flower's feet began to get sore, and she stopped for a moment to rest. Far in the distance, they saw a party following them. Yellow Flower recognized her father as the leader of the group. She

lost all hope and said to her husband, "I am so tired; I cannot go any further. We must stop and prepare to meet our fate." "You must have faith in our love," declared Brown Hawk. "We must all pray to the Great Spirit above," Brown Hawk further added.

The father was closer now; and as they prayed, great peals of thunder roared, huge streaks of lightning went across the sky, and the very ground began to shake; and suddenly, with a mighty roar, a great lake broke its bounds and rushed madly down through the canyons and ravines.

When the mists had cleared, they saw before their eyes a great chasm, and far over, on the other side, stood the father angrily shaking his fist.

"Isn't this a grand canyon?" said Yellow Flower. "Yes, indeed it is a grand canyon!" replied Brown Hawk. And to this day, the Grand Canyon of Arizona is the dividing line between the Utes and the Hopi Indians.

Little Squirrel

an Eastern Woodland Story



The story I'm about to tell you is an eastern woodland story.

Many, many moons ago, little squirrel was putting away his winter supply of hickory nuts. He would make many trips to the bushes and back again; but the more he stored, the less he seemed to have.

Finally, he saw his neighbor, the frog. Little squirrel said, "Brother frog, have you seen anyone around my storehouse?" "Why no, brother squirrel. Why?" said the frog. "Well, the more I store for the winter, the less I seem to have in my storehouse," answered little squirrel. "Oh, friend squirrel. You don't think anyone is taking them do you? That is terrible," said the frog, as great tears ran from his eyes.

Then, little squirrel said to his neighbor, the woodchuck, "Have you seen anyone around my storehouse? Some of my food is missing."

"Oh, dear, how could anyone be so cruel to you? Perhaps, you have put it someplace else and forgotten," said the woodchuck.

Now, little squirrel began to wonder himself. "Maybe, I am wrong. I better talk to the Great Spirit." "Great Spirit," he said, "I have been losing food from my storehouse. Will you watch and see?" The Great Spirit said, "Do not worry my friend. I will keep a sharp lookout around your storehouse today." Happily, little squirrel went away to take a short nap for the afternoon.

After he was asleep, frog came out of the river and merrily hopped to the little squirrel's storehouse and helped himself to the sweet tasty nuts. Then, woodchuck came running by; and he, too, helped himself. "What a joke on squirrel." He works so hard, and we enjoy ourselves when he is napping." He should not nap so much," said the frog, as he munched on another nut.

Finally, little squirrel awoke and went to the Great Spirit and asked him if he had seen anything. "Call all the animals for a council, and we shall see," said the Great Spirit. All came and sat in the council, except frog and woodchuck.

"Where are frog and woodchuck?" said the animals.

"Go get them." And a delegate went and pulled them from their hiding places.

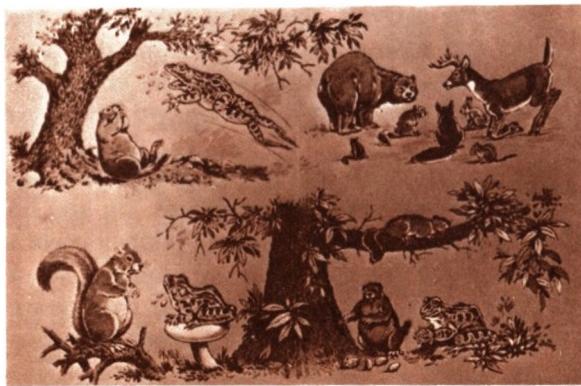
"Frog and woodchuck," they said, "what do you have to say for yourselves?" They merely hung their heads in shame. "You have taken food that little squirrel has tried to store up for his winter needs." "Shame on you frog. All you have to do is stick out your tongue and food sticks to it. You do not stay awake all winter, and you do not need as much as little squirrel does."

"For your punishment, you shall lose all your teeth;" and as frog hopped away, he lost a tooth at every jump.

"Oh, no, please do not take away my teeth," begged the woodchuck as he put his paws over his mouth.

"No," said the Great Spirit, "You will not lose your teeth; but you will lose your taste for nuts. From now on, you shall root in the mud for your food."

"Let this be a lesson to all of you sitting here in the council," said the Great Spirit. "Those who are lazy and greedy shall always be punished by losing something that is precious to them."



Pueblo Indian Turquoise Story

The story I'm about to tell you is a legend that the Pueblo Indians living in New Mexico tell their children when they do not wish to share with their brothers or sisters.

Many, many moons ago, there was a beautiful little Indian maiden, who was the favorite of her grandfather. He would bring her many presents, but what she most treasured was a bag that contained many beautiful turquoise stones.

She would show them to her sisters and brag that she had more than any of them. They asked her to give them just one tiny stone, but she would not part with any of them. She told them she wanted a nice long necklace someday, and she thought that her grandfather was a mean and stingy man because he would give her no more.

One day, she was sitting by a rock on which an eagle had carved. She was admiring her turquoise and wishing out loud that she had more, when suddenly she heard a noise. Jumping up, she noticed that the eagle was trying to speak to her. Going closer, she heard him say, "So you would like more turquoise, little maiden?" Here, look at this," and he dropped a beautiful turquoise cut in the shape of an arrow.

"Oh, how beautiful, great eagle," she said. Then the eagle dropped a dull, black stone, also shaped like an arrow. "Oh, I don't like that one; it's ugly," said the maiden. "Take it; for, it will bring you many turquoise if you will do as I say," said the eagle.



"Go to the top of the hill, and you will see a very large cactus. Under this cactus is a jar. Dig it up and open the cover with the black arrow and help yourself. Then, place the turquoise arrow in the jar and rebury it," said the eagle.

Grabbing up the arrows, she hurried off without bothering to thank the eagle. Soon, she found the cactus and dug up the jar, opened the lid with the black arrow; and, sure enough, it was filled with many beautiful stones. "What a treasure! Now, I will be the envy of all the girls, for I will have more than anyone else; and I shall not give one tiny stone to anyone who asks me, no matter how hard they beg," she said. Suddenly, she remembered what the eagle had told her. "Oh, that old eagle. Why should I put this pretty turquoise arrow in the jar? I'll just put the ugly black one in; for, he will never know the difference." She hastily reburied the jar; and putting all the stones in her shawl, she hurried home.

She called her sisters to look at her treasure; but when she opened the shawl, the only thing that tumbled out were a lot of ugly, black stones. "Oh, that old mean eagle has played a trick on me," she said, with tears streaming down her face.

Looking up, she saw a great eagle flying over her; and he said, "You did not obey me; you were too greedy and not willing to share with your family. So, you have been punished by losing all the turquoise that was so precious to you."



Boy Afraid — “Brave Man”

An Omaha Story

Many, many moons ago, a little boy was born to an Indian family. He was thought very peculiar indeed for he did not play with the other children; he did not join in their sports nor did he make his dream fast with the other boys. So he was named Boy Afraid.

The people all laughed at him for all he seemed to do was to sit around and listen to the women's talk. But what they did not know was that in secret, Boy Afraid went into the hills and made his dream fast and the Sparrow Hawk came to him and told him he was a special boy and gave Boy Afraid some of his sacred feathers to wear. Sparrow Hawk also told him that someday he would be a great leader of his people and that he must listen to all talk and thus learn from it.

During the long winter, Boy Afraid would listen to his father tell stories of the Great Hunters in the days gone by. Boy Afraid noted with care that in the early days the men would



use only clubs set with sharp stones to kill the animals for food. So in secret, Boy Afraid fashioned one of the clubs and would practice imaginary hunts with imaginary animals.

As years went by, Boy Afraid's only friend was a small boy called Little Eagle, who he once saved from drowning. On one night, some of the boys were planning a secret hunt to surprise their families. As Boy Afraid listened to them talk, he followed them at a distance. The boys soon surrounded a great, big bear which had three little cubs. They shot the bear with their arrows but only succeeded in wounding the animal. The bear soon charged at the boys, and scattered them into the four winds, all except Little Eagle, who tripped over a vine and lay at the bear's mercy.

Boy Afraid ran with his club; and soon, there was nothing to fear, for Boy Afraid had practiced imaginary hunt with imaginary animals in secret. He swore Little Eagle to secrecy, not to tell anyone of his deed. Boy Afraid clubbed the bear and skinned him. He then hid the



hides in a secret place, and cut up the meat. He told Little Eagle to divide it among his friends. The boys returned to camp and learned of the story about Boy Afraid and left for their homes with plenty of meat for their families.

The boys went on many hunting trips, and Boy Afraid would always help them when they would run away from a wounded animal. All of the camp was talking about their wonderful boys, all except Boy Afraid's family. The people of course wondered why the boys never brought back the heads or skins of the animals; but they were so proud of their boys and grateful, they did not question them too closely.

Years passed by and the Old Chief died, and joined his ancestors. The Old Chief, having no relatives to lead the people of the camp, called the wise men together in order to decide who would be the next leader for the people. That day Boy Afraid's father scolded his boy in front of the council of wise men for not being like the other boys, so he could not be included with the men, who would be considered as the new leader.

Little Eagle had heard Boy Afraid's father and decided it was time that he spoke. He told the council of wise men of Boy Afraid's deeds and showed them where all of the skins were hidden.

All of his people were amazed by Little Eagle's stories, about Boy Afraid's many trophies which he had earned with his club.

The speaker of the council said; "Here is a young man, who is brave, wise, and generous; and who has never spoken about the greatness of his own deeds. Then the council decided to name Boy Afraid "Brave Man" and hold a feast and dance.

The speaker of the council told the people, "Brave Man, had always listened to the people, was wise, generous, and brave." Thus, he was always a leader, in doing good deeds for the camp people. Therefore, he had been chosen as chief and leader. Brave Man's family was finally proud of their son, who had indeed become a man in his own right and who had been chosen to be the leader of his people.

Brave Man now wears the feathers that he had received from Sparrow Hawk and continues to listen to all the talks. A wise man keeps on learning always.



Chippewa Legend of the Stars

Have you ever wondered just why the stars are scattered about the heavens and why you cannot see some of them as soon as you see others? Well, this story is one told by the Chippewa Indians to their children on winter evenings.

Many, many moons ago, the Keeper of the Stars set out on his nightly journey to set the stars in the heavens as a light to guide the travelers on the earth below. He carried the stars in a big bag. They were not heavy, but they were more like a big bag of feathers.

He had his pet fox along with him to keep him company. It was early; he set his bag down to rest and wondered where his friend, the comet, was. Now, Comet, being so swift and having no particular place in the sky, would take the Keeper of Stars on wild rides through the heavens, even to earth at times. While the

keeper was thinking about his friend, fox grabbed the bag of stars and started running as fast as he could.

Keeper of Stars started out after his pet; and the faster he ran, the faster the fox ran, thinking it was playtime. All the time, fox shook and shook the bag; and finally, it fell open and stars rolled in all directions, all over the sky — in so many directions, the poor Keeper of Stars has never been able to gather them all up again.

So, now he must walk many, many miles, lighting each star with his pineknot torch. Some, he lights just as the sun is setting; and he has to keep going until they are all lighted, except sometimes in the winter when it is cold and the Keeper of Stars forgets to light some of them.

That is why some stars cannot be seen until almost morning and some of them in winter do not shine at all for many weeks.



The Rabbit Dance



Long, long ago, there were two little Indian boys named Turtle and Wing who lived with their fathers in a hunting camp in the mountains.

One day, their fathers decided that their sons were old enough to learn how to hunt. So when the fathers left on a hunting trip, the boys were allowed to take their toy bows and arrows and go off on a hunting trip of their own.

The boys went far into the forest, walking silently, not to make any noise. Their eyes were on the look-out to spot any game. The boys had hoped that they might surprise a chipmunk or a squirrel.

As the boys continued their walk into the green forest, they came to a clearing in the pines. They spotted a little rabbit path in the clearing of pines, and knew that rabbits had traveled through.

Then the boys walked to the center of the clearing and looked around. Suddenly, they heard a loud thumping that seemed to be coming from the ground. To their amazement, a huge brown rabbit as big as themselves came hopping along. They were very frightened at first, never before having seen a rabbit so big.

He was the Granddaddy of all rabbits. Now Granddaddy rabbit knew that these were small boys and would not hurt him, so he did not leave and the boys were no longer frightened.

Granddaddy rabbit thumped the ground and to the amazement of Turtle and Wing a long line of rabbits appeared. They were running rapidly through the runways of the clearing of the forest.

There were hundreds of rabbits who began hopping, skipping, and chasing each other down the pathway of the forest. They played



follow the leader, in great long lines as they hopped and skipped about in large circles. The Granddaddy rabbit did not join in the dance; instead, he stood guard watching all of the other rabbits having a wonderful time.

As the boys watched the rabbits having a joyful time at play, they began to think they would like to join the fun and maybe play tag with the rabbits. So Turtle made a grab for one of the rabbits and missing him, he tried to catch another. Meanwhile, Wing also joined in playing with the rabbits when suddenly Granddaddy rabbit made a loud "THUMP," "THUMP," warning to all of his tribe of rabbits. All the rabbits suddenly stopped in their tracks, and seemed to be frozen to the ground. The rabbits became so still that Turtle and Wing stopped their running, too, and looked at the big rabbit with fright. The Chief Granddaddy rabbit then gave two more thumps, and all of the rabbits came back to life again. They all jumped into action, and suddenly left, dis-

pearing into the forest. Granddaddy did a final "Thump" and he, too, disappeared into the forest.

The boys were so surprised at what they had seen, they ran home as fast as they could into the camp. The boys then told their fathers what they had seen. Their fathers laughed and said they were good story tellers. Their grandfather stood very quietly until their fathers stopped laughing and said "My Grandsons, you are very fortunate to have seen what you did. You saw the rabbit dance and like the rabbits, Indians have their own trails, their own counsel grounds and move from place to place. They give secret signals by thumping on the ground. You're indeed lucky for you will become good hunters. Now you must teach others the dance. They will also learn to become good hunters."

That is why today, so many tribes have the Rabbit Dance, and teach it to each other as they grow up into adult life.



The Evergreen Story

Told by the Cherokee

Have you ever wondered just why certain trees are green all the year around? The story I'm about to tell you is a Cherokee legend, told to my husband when he was a youngster.

Many, many moons ago, a panther was walking along peacefully when, suddenly, an owl bumped into him. "Why don't you look where you are going?" said the owl crossly.

"Well, why don't you fly up in a tree where you belong; and stay out of people's faces? Here I am minding my own business, I'm hungry and looking for food; but instead, I get a claw in my face," replied the panther.

"I'm hungry too," said the owl, ruffling his feathers. "But, I have a right to fly close to the ground if I choose. Do you think there are mice and frogs in the trees?"

"Oh, well. I'll excuse you; you can't see where you are going half the time anyway," said the panther.

"Well, of all the nerve! I may not see clearly by day, but I can see perfectly at night," answered the owl.

"You can not see as well as I do at the night because you can't turn your eyes to see what is in back of you, and I can," replied the panther.

"Why, the idea! I can turn my whole head clear around until it rests on my back, and you can't do that," snapped the owl.

"Perhaps so; but you go to sleep often at nighttime, while I stay awake all night. I have greater endurance than you," argued the panther.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, you two!" said a tall cedar tree nearby. "If you two will be quiet for a moment, I will tell you a story." Now, animals and birds just love to hear stories, so they paused a moment. "Tell us your story, Brother Cedar."



"A very long time ago," said the cedar tree, "when the animals, birds, trees, and flowers were placed on the earth, they were told by the Great Spirit in the heavens above to stay awake and greet a new race of people who were coming to live among them."

"But, after several days went by, one by one, the animals slipped away and went to sleep. The trees began nodding in the breeze, and the birds had their heads snugly tucked under their wings. Even the little flowers were snoozing quietly, all except for the panther." At these words, the panther said to the owl, "You see, I told you I had more endurance than you."

"Be quiet, before you become too proud of yourself. Our brother, the owl, was awake along with some of my ancestors," said the cedar. At these words, the owl fluffed up his feathers and let out a loud hoot, just for luck.

"Your ancestors too?" said the panther to the cedar tree.

"Yes, my ancestors, the cedar, pine, fir, balsam, spruce, and so on."

"So you see my brothers, you are both equally important among your own kind, and you have been rewarded; friend owl, by having keen eyesight at nighttime, while my ancestors, who were awake to greet the newcomers to the land, were rewarded by having green leaves all year around. But, the other trees who went to sleep, must shed their leaves and have bare branches all through the cold weary winter and be brushed by the cold north wind."

"So brothers, never think you are more important than someone else. For they, too, may have fine qualities that make them just as good as you are."

Chippewa Legend of the Old Man

Many moons ago, there lived a warrior by the name of Eagle Eye. He could spot game from a long distance, but he was always clumsy; and when he would try to shoot a bear or deer, he would make some kind of a noise and scare the game away. He was also very kind and tender and would stop and pity an animal before he would shoot it; and thus, the animal would get away. All the other braves laughed at him for his kindness and tenderness; and they called him Old Soft Heart, despite the fact that his keen eyesight often netted them much game.

He felt sad because he did not fill his mother's house with plenty of game or lots of buckskins so that she could make fine buckskin garments for him and his sisters. The others laughed at him for being poor.

One day, while he was out in the forest hunting for game, he started to eat his supper. Suddenly, he heard a noise like a low moan. He listened again and heard it louder. He put

down his food and went to look. Soon, he came to a hollow log; and there lying on the earth beside it, was a very old man. He looked almost dead. He was weak and thin, and his hair was gray. His face was so wrinkled with age and suffering, he could hardly speak. But Eagle Eye saw his lips moving and bent over to hear what the old man was saying.

"Food, water! Please give me some food and water."

Eagle Eye picked up the old man and carried him near the stream, gave him a drink of water, and bathed his fevered brow. Then, he made a little broth with his powdered venison and corn and gave this to the old man to revive him.

Soon, the old man felt better. "I am hungry and sick. Please give me more food," said the old man.

So, Eagle Eye fed him more and more. Each time the old man requested food and water, he gave it to him until, finally, all the food was gone and there was no more. Finally, the old man said to him, "Why don't you eat?"



Eagle Eye said, "I am not hungry."

"But, you had just started to eat when I called to you. You must have traveled far and must be hungry," replied the man. Then, the old man reached over and picked up the bowl and noticed that it was empty. He said, "You gave me all your food; and yet, you took none for yourself."

"I am glad to give you all I have; for you see, it has made you well and strong again," answered Eagle Eye.

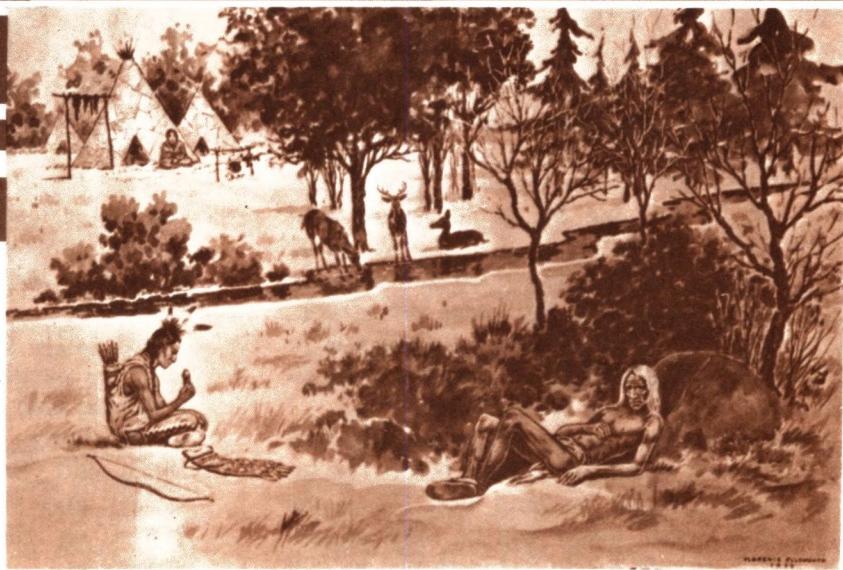
"Well go out and kill yourself something more" said the old man, "for I see a deer looking at you from the forest."

Then, Eagle Eye told the old man his story. "I find in my heart it is hard to kill any animal. For I feel sorry for them; and for this, the tribe laughs at me. I would rather eat herbs, berries, and nuts, but my mother and sisters suffer because I am so weak and can not give them the meat they deserve and the skins that they need for clothes."

The old man said, "Yours is a kind heart; but never fear the scorn of your people. Some day, you will be a wise and kind leader of your people. It is not in the hearts of some people to kill but that does not mean they are cowards. For your kindness to me, you shall never be hungry again. Look in your pouch and eat."

Eagle Eye looked in the bag and found that there was a lot of meat in it; and when he turned to talk to the old man, he found he was gone.

For you see, the man he had met was the Maker of Magic that the Great Spirit had sent out to see if there was a good and wise man to be found. The Maker of Magic said to the Great Spirit, "Eagle Eye is more than wise, and more than good; for as a hungry warrior, I asked for food, and he gave all he had and ate none for himself, although he was tired and hungry." The Great Spirit was glad; and when Eagle Eye returned to his people, he found that they had brought much meat to his wigwam, and he was never called names again.



The Robin's Red Breast

A Taos Pueblo Legend

Do you ever think about why the Robin has a red breast? This is a story that the Taos Pueblo Indians who live in New Mexico tell their children on cold winter nights.

Many, many moons ago, Robin, the bird, was protesting that he was such a dull drab color. The Creator said to him, "You are that color because you are always afraid and hide when danger or trouble comes. If you can prove to me that you are brave and would suffer for that bravery, I will give you a nice bright color." The Creator continued, "I will send you on a mission down to the village of Taos, where it is deep winter and the people are freezing, for they are without fire. If you can help them through their troubles, come back to me. I will give you a bright, wonderful color."

So, little Brown Robin flew down to the village and it was so cold everywhere that he soon was numb with its coldness and fell in front of the door of a pueblo where an old Pueblo woman was standing.

"Why this is a little bird who is cold," and picking him up, she put him inside her blanket and warmed him. Going inside the house, she fed him a little corn mixed with water.

Soon, Little Brown Robin was revived. He thanked the old Pueblo woman for her kindness, and he told her he would go out and scratch for a bit of fire so that she would be warm too. He flew to the south and found a burning pine torch that lightning had struck. Carrying this back, he scratched a small hole in the snow, put down the torch, and flew away to find some twigs to put on the torch.

In the meantime, the old, fierce bear who had been the leader of all the animals before the Indian people invaded his land said, "Soon the people will freeze, and I will be ruler of this land again. If that Little Robin thinks he will



outwit me, he will soon find out."

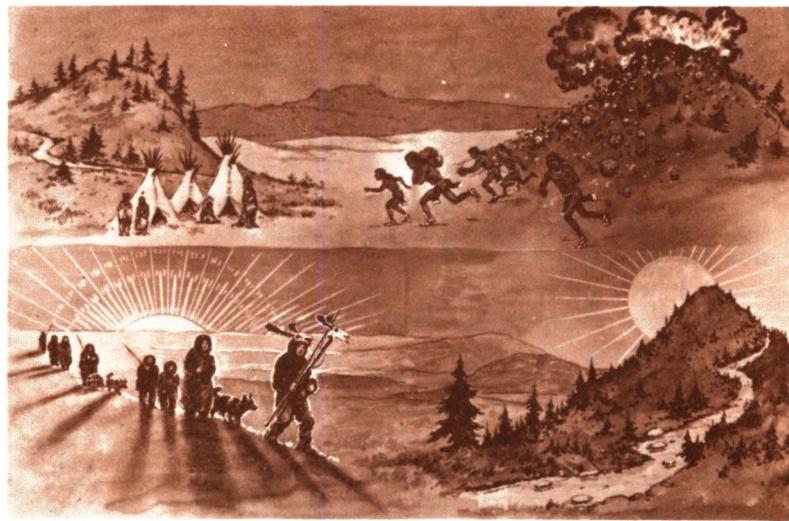
Going over to the flame and scratching a little hole in the snow in front of the old woman's house, Little Brown Robin dropped the burning stick and guarded the flame with his tiny wings. Then, he brought more twigs; and fanning them with his wings, he soon had a small fire going.

Old Bear, passing by, said, "What is this, a fire? Well, I shall soon fix this," and he took a great swoop with his paw and scattered the sticks. He rolled over several times to make sure the fire was completely out; his thick fur protected him from danger. "Now I shall be ruler of this country," said Old Bear.

When the little robin came back, he saw what had happened; and so, he took his little wings and fanned, and fanned a tiny spark that was left. He flew in the window of the old woman and said, "For your kindness to me, I shall help you drive the old bear away if he should come again." The little robin fanned and fanned his tiny wings, until there was a small flame. The old woman brought twigs, and soon, there was a nice fire going. All this time, the fire was burning the little robin's breast, but he did not mind for the little robin was helping friends who had helped him. Soon, all the people of the village ran out of their houses, grabbed precious coals from the fire, and took them into their houses; soon, all were warm again.

But Little Robin was exhausted and tired and the people took him into a house. The medicine man came and put healing ointment on his burns. For his brave deed the Great Spirit said, "Because of your goodness, I shall always give you bright red feathers on your breast so that everyone will know your greatness."

The Volcano Story



The story I am about to tell you is about volcanos which are known as dead mountains. Perhaps you wonder just what is happening when the earth rumbles. It is a very old story, and the story is told to the people when they ask about such things.

Many, many moons ago, a tribe of people lived in a very cold, cold country. The cold really bothered them a great deal, and the people were hungry because game was getting scarce. They all met and held a great council with the medicine men, and they prayed to the Great Spirit to guide them.

Far off in the distance, they noticed a rosy glow, and they decided that this must be the answer to their prayers. They all packed and walked in the direction of the warm color. They walked for many a weary mile through cold desolate country until they saw, far off in the distance, a beautiful mountain which seemed to be bathed in a rosy glow of sunshine.

They finally arrived at the base of the mountain, and their medicine man climbed to the top of the tall mountain and asked the great mountain if they could live at its feet. The great mountain told the medicine man that the Great Spirit had told him there would be earth people coming and to be kind to them. He said they would be welcome to live about him, as he was very lonely.

The tribe settled down, and they lived there for many years. All the while, they prospered and increased in number. Finally, the children became restless and wanted to move to a smaller mountain far off in the distance and so,

many of them moved away. This made the great mountain very angry, indeed. He muttered to himself, "I was here first. Why do they desert me?" The more he thought about it, the angrier he became and would shake with anger.

The ground rolled and heaved, and everything rolled about the ground. This frightened the people so much that the people fled to the safety of the smaller mountain. Now, the mountain was so angry, he decided he would destroy these earth people. He went after them with great streams of hot lava and steam, and great boulders flew in the air. His very breath dried up all the streams and burned the trees, leaving the earth about him dead and lifeless.

The Great Spirit looked down upon the destruction. He was very angry, indeed, and said to the mountain, "You have disobeyed me. You, mountain, have tried to destroy the earth people, whom I told you to be kind to. For this, I shall make you as dead and lifeless as the ground around you."

The great mountain said he was sorry and pleaded with the Great Spirit not to destroy him; but even as he begged, the fire began to die out, and the ashes turned cold and gray, and the Great Spirit relented leaving only a very tiny spark to keep the mountain barely alive.

Far off in the distance, the lonely old mountain could see the people living happily with their families about the foot of the younger mountain, who was, indeed, kind to the earth people.

The Magician and the Baby

from the Eastern Woodlands

Many, many moons ago, there lived among the eastern woodland Indians a man by the name of Eagle. He was a maker of magic and could do many strange things. People were afraid of him, but his heart was not bad. For, at times, when he found a suffering bird, animal, or human, he would cure them with his various herbs and ointments.

However, Eagle was a prankster and a bragger. He liked to frighten people, and he liked to brag what a wonder magician he was and how there was nothing he could not do. He could make animals and people obey him, and he could imitate any bird and animal by calling them at will and making them do as he told them to.

If a person refused to feed him, he would call the wolves to howl outside his wigwam all night. He would make holes appear under the feet of dancers when they were dancing in contest. He liked to scare the women if he caught them out picking berries. He would call his namesake, a giant eagle, to swoop down low over the women, thus, causing them to scatter in all directions. All the mischief Eagle would do would make him roll on the ground and laugh and laugh.

Finally, the people began to dislike him greatly despite his many acts of kindness. When he would go from camp to camp, the people would all quietly disappear into their wigwams until Eagle got tired of his jokes and went somewhere else.

Now in a distant village, there lived a wise, old grandmother. So, she told the women of the village that she knew of someone who could do things Eagle could not, and someone who was neither frightened nor could be scared into doing what he wanted.

One day, one of the men told him this. Eagle went to the wigwam and said, "So, you know



someone I can not imitate, and someone who is not afraid of me?"

"Yes," said the old grandmother, "I think I do."

"Show him to me," commanded Eagle putting on his fiercest look.

The old grandmother led Eagle outside the wigwam and pointed to a small baby lying on a nice, soft buffalo robe and said, "There is someone you can not imitate, nor make obey you."

"Hah," said Eagle, "So I can't imitate you, eh? Watch me!"

He scowled and looked very mean, and the baby merely cooed and puts its toe in its mouth.

"That's easy," said Eagle; and he tried to put his toe in his mouth, but all he succeeded in doing was falling down.

"Coo, coo," said the baby; and Eagle tried to say it the way the baby did, but he could not.

The grandmother gave the baby a piece of maple sugar to chew on.

"Well, watch me make him obey me. Give me that maple sugar baby. Come here, and give it to me I say." But, the baby merely went on chewing the sugar.

Eagle was so mad, he grabbed the sugar from the baby and it started to cry. "Baby, stop crying," said Eagle. But the more Eagle yelled at the baby, the more it howled. Eagle did a war dance, shaking his magic wand and his tomahawk; but the baby kept crying.

Eagle was tired, "I give up. I finally found someone I can not imitate nor make obey me." All the women of the village laughed and laughed, until Eagle promised that he would scare them no more and that he would only use his magic when they would tell him to do good for the tribe and to cure the sick people.

Three Feathers

A Cheyenne Legend

This story is one that the Cheyenne Indians tell their children of how the great medicine song was first given to them.

Many, many moons ago, a great Cheyenne chief was ill and nothing seemed to cure him. All the medicine men of the village came to try to cure him, but the chief continued to have a great stomach ache. In desperation, he offered his beautiful daughter's hand in marriage to anyone who could cure him.

Now, among this tribe, there was a young warrior named Three Feathers who had fasted

and dreamed that some day he would be a great medicine man. He had long looked with favor upon Falling Water, the chief's beautiful daughter; so, he went into the forest to dream, fast, and smoke his peace pipe.

During his meditation, a hawk came to him and said, "Three Feathers, you are a brave and good man. I shall teach you all that I know about medicine, so that you may marry the girl of your choice." So, the hawk showed him all the secrets of the forest, all the healing herbs, vines, and roots.

When Three Feathers returned to the village, he went to the lodge of the chief and told him of his vision and dream, and he sang for him the medicine song. The great chief said, "Anyone who can cure me of this great ache in my stomach shall have anything his heart desires."

Three Feathers began to brew his various medicines and treated the great chief as he sang his song with great enthusiasm. Soon, the great chief began to feel better, and all the tribe stood around and watched with interest.

"Three Feathers is truly a great medicine man," said the great chief, "He has caused me to be well again; and for his reward, I shall give to him my daughter in marriage."

"Call all the people together, and we shall have a great wedding feast and dance. We shall honor the little hawk who taught Three Feathers the great song and the medicine to cure," remarked the chief. So, Three Feathers and his new little bride were very happy, for the great Cheyenne chief was well again, and happiness came back to the tribe.





He Who Chases the Rainbow

A tale told by the
Eastern Woodland Indians

The story I will tell you is about a young man who was never satisfied with his way of life. This is an eastern woodland legend that the Indians tell their teen-age children when they wish to live someplace else.

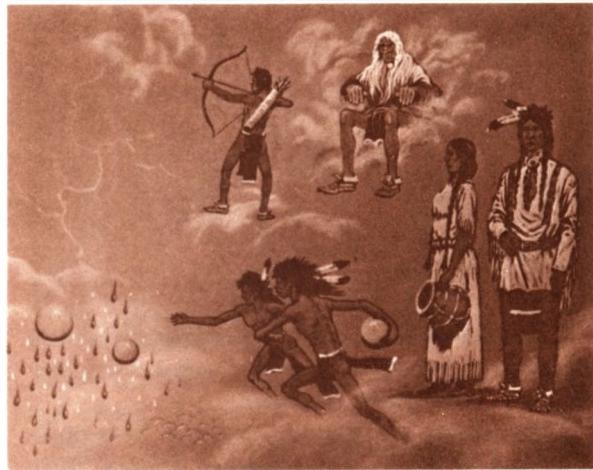
Many, many moons ago, there lived in a village a young, strong, brave hunter named He Who Chases The Rainbow. He was given this name because he was never satisfied with his life at home. It was time he married, but he told his father that the girls were either too fat, too thin, too tall, or too short. The pretty girls all seemed to have bad tempers and the good tempered girls all seemed to be ugly.

His father said to him, "You are too particular. Remember, you do not have all the qualities that you want in other people."

In his hunting he was not satisfied. He would always say there should be a place where there was plenty of game where one need not walk miles to hunt. He wished for a stream someplace where all one had to do was drop a line and catch lots of fish, and that there should be someplace where there was a girl who was beautiful and would always agree with him and not argue like Tall Girl did.

His father said to him, "Why don't you go to the other villages and seek what you want." This Rainbow did, and he traveled from village to village, but he was never satisfied.

One day while he was in the forest, he saw a deer — the most beautiful deer he had ever seen. He kept following it, mile after mile until it disappeared. Soon he saw before him a great hill that seemed to tower high up into the heavens. He turned to go home when, suddenly, great black clouds rolled across the sky. It began to thunder. Lightning streaked across the sky. Soon, big drops of rain began to fall,



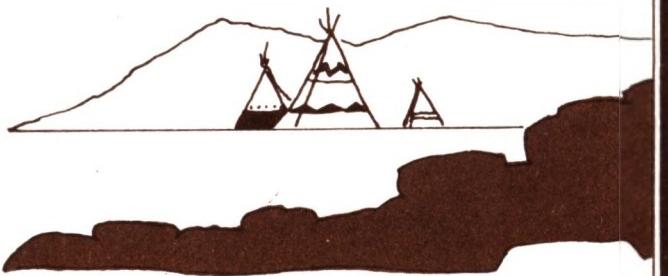
and he turned back to the high hill for shelter. There, standing on one of the high peaks was the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. She wore a white dress and her long black hair streamed far below her waist.

The maiden called to Rainbow and he began to follow. He walked and walked, up, up, high into the sky he went. Finally, she reached out her hand, and he gently floated up into the most beautiful land he had ever seen.

Rainbow said to the maiden, "Who are you?" "I am the Thunder Maiden. Who are you?" inquired the maiden.

"I am Rainbow," replied the young hunter.

"Come along with me," said the Thunder Maiden, "and meet my father, the Thunder God." Thunder Maiden led him to a very old man seated on a throne of clouds, and she presented him to her father saying, "Here is Rainbow, a traveler who has lost his way."



"Welcome stranger," said the old man, "Welcome to the land of happiness. Will you stay with us for awhile? Here, we live in the land of plenty where you shall never have a need for anything."

"Why, yes," replied Rainbow, "I have been searching for a long time for such a place," and he cast a longing look at the Thunder Maiden.

"Meet my sons, the Thunder Rollers," said the old man, "they are getting ready to play their daily game."

Rainbow watched the boys roll large balls across the sky. When one of the balls struck a cloud, it would thunder. Then the Thunder Rollers would take their bows and arrows and shoot at the clouds; and when they made a hit, great sparks of lightning would streak across the sky. When the boys made a strike, they would laugh so hard the very heavens would rumble and the little rain creatures would laugh, too, so hard that their tears would fall to the earth.

Rainbow thought it would be great fun to live in this land; so, he stayed with the Thunder People for a long time. After awhile, despite the fact that the Thunder Maiden was gentle and always agreed with him, Rainbow grew bored because all they did all day long was play the thunder game.



The Wind Blower

A Passamaquoddy Indian Story

Many, many moons ago, the Passamaquoddy Indians lived in the state of Maine. This is a land where the winds blow often in the fall. The Indians believed that the Woochowson (Wind Blower) was responsible for the winds that kept their boats ashore.

The Woochowson was a great white eagle who lived on the top of a very high mountain. The Woochowson could spread his wings out like a great white cloud as he flew across the river. The waters would splash the shore and the Indian people thought that it was the great white eagle who was keeping them from launching their canoes by flapping his wings.

There was a great fisherman by the name of Brave Man who was not afraid of anyone. So Brave Man decided to go to visit Woochowson and ask him not to flap his wings so that the fishermen could launch their canoes.

The next day Brave Man set off on his long journey. He climbed the highest mountains and finally came face to face with Woochowson, the Wind Blower. Then he said to him, "Will you please not flap your wings so that we can launch our canoes and go out to catch some fish?"

"Well, I like to flap my wings," said the Wind Blower, "and why should I stop, just to please you mere Indians?"



Brave Man then answered to the Wind Blower, "Well we cannot go fishing and our people are starving."

The Wind Blower then said to Brave Man, "That's too bad, but I still like to stretch my wings so that I can create wind. So you must find some other way to feed your people." And he went on flapping his wings.

So Brave Man said goodbye to the great white eagle and pretended to leave. Brave Man waited for the great eagle to return to his mountain. He sneaked up behind the eagle and with his belt he tied the eagle's legs, and also tied his wings behind him. Brave Man then returned to the village.

The waters were calm and everyone was able to fish again. There was plenty of food and everyone was happy again. But after a while the waters were so calm, they noticed that something had begun to form in the waters. Even the strongest man could not paddle his canoe through the thick scum that had formed. As the days went by, dust began to settle everywhere, for there was no wind in the area. The scum on the water was so thick the fish began to die, and everyone was hungry again.

Brave Man then knew he would have to return to visit Woochowson the Wind Blower. So he set out on his journey to the high peak and there he saw Wind Blower. He looked very forlorn indeed. Brave Man then loosened one of his wings, but left the other wing firmly tied. Now the Wind Blower was able to fly again but slower than he did in the beginning. Soon the winds began to blow once again, but not as strong as they once did. The scum soon floated away, and the waters were clear again. The people were able to fish once more.

The people were happy again, for there was no scum, and yet the winds allowed the people to launch their canoes.

So now when you look up in the heavens, you will notice when you see an eagle that one of his wings moves faster than the other and it is because Brave Man's thong still holds him tight.

The Antelope Legend

by the Kiowa Tribe



Many of you have visited among various Indian tribes and have seen them do the Antelope Dance. The story I am about to tell you is one that the Kiowa Indians tell their children about the origin of this particular dance.

Many, many moons ago, a little orphan boy named Lone Boy lived with his grandmother. He happened to lose her treasured wooden spoon that had been given to her by her own grandmother. When the grandmother discovered that the spoon was lost, she became so angry at the little boy that she punished him by not giving him his supper that night.

Lone Boy cried and cried because he was truly sorry for having lost the spoon, and he wished with all his might that he would find her spoon again. That night before he fell asleep, he prayed to the Great Spirit to help him find the spoon. When he was asleep, he dreamed that an antelope came to him and told him where the spoon was and that he found it. The antelope also told him many wonderful things he must do when he was a grown man. The next day when he awoke, he went to the tree under which he had been playing. Sure enough, he found the spoon.

Many years passed, and Lone Boy grew up to be a young man. In time, famine fell upon his people. Then, he remembered his dream. He told his grandmother to call all the people to a tipi for he had a wonderful story to tell them.

When the people all arrived, he said to them, "Many years ago when I was very young, I lost my grandmother's spoon; and I prayed to the Great Spirit and I had a dream." At this time, Lone Boy felt that nothing could be lost by revealing the story to his people. After telling

them the story, Lone Boy told them to make two arrows, one of wild cherry and one of plum wood. They were to represent the symbols of plenty — one for spring and the other for autumn.

When this was done, he took the arrows and blew upon them with his eagle bone whistle. He told the people to sing a song he had taught them. Then, he stepped outside the lodge and shot the arrows away into the darkness while the people sang inside the lodge. Lone Boy called the people outside and said, "Come and look!" Before their eyes, they saw a huge antelope lying on ground; so, the people feasted and sang.

The next morning, the young man told all the hunters to take the magic arrows and go out on their horses and to form a large circle. When they had done this, they were to ride in toward one another, making the circle smaller and smaller. As they did this, all kinds of game seemed to spring from the very ground; and the tribe had plenty.

After the feast, they all danced in honor of the antelope, which had come to the small child in his dream. Ever since this time, the antelope dance is only performed when the people are in great need.



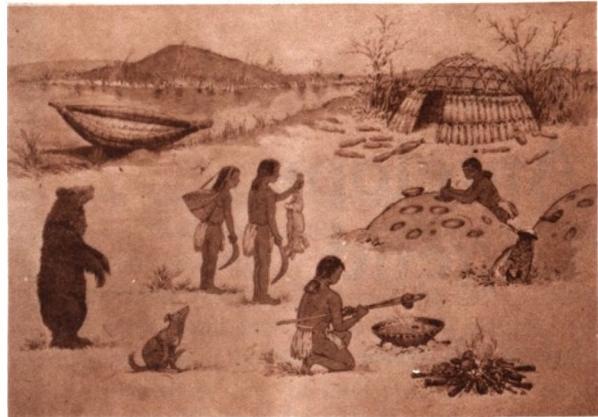
California Indian Story

Many, many moons ago, in California, there lived a small family, which consisted of two boys, an older sister, a baby girl, and their father and mother. The children were always playing, never wanting to learn to do things for themselves. Their mother was lenient toward them and told her husband, "Oh, let them be. They will learn sometime. They are still babies, yet." So, their children merrily played without a thought of learning how to live in the land, for their father and mother did all the necessary things for them.

One day, it became necessary for the family to move because the father wanted to search for a better hunting ground. The family set off on the trail with the boys, who were eight and ten, their sister who was twelve years old, and their baby sister. The mother gave each one a burden basket to carry on their heads with a few of their personal belongings. The older sister was given the task of holding the baby, as her mother was loaded down with many other things. The father was off in the far distance, by many hours, clearing the trail to protect his family against possible danger.

As the children followed along, they lagged behind. Often they threw away precious things in the baskets to lighten their loads. Finally, they came upon a small stream and the children decided to stop, without thinking to alert or ask their parents if this was alright with them.

It grew dark, and a great storm came and there was no sign of the childrens' mother and father. The children all huddled together and started to cry, but it was no use because their parents had traveled many miles away thinking their children were following. It began to rain and the river swelled past them with great fury. So, indeed, where once was a quiet little stream was now a raging torrent and the children could not hope to cross it even if they wanted to.



The next morning, the river continued to be a great fury; and now, the children were hungry and crying. The river's walls had reached The Keeper Of Woman Knowledge, and standing before the children was the most beautiful maiden they had ever seen.

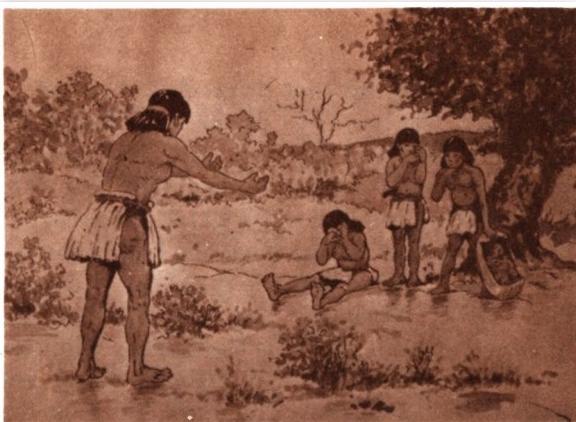
"Why do you cry? Where are your parents?" the woman asked them.

The children told her they were lost and starving as there was nothing here but barren land.

"Why, children! Everything you will ever need is right here. Come, and I will show you," replied The Keeper Of Woman Knowledge.

"First, you must get me a little water from the stream in one of your baskets so we can take care of the baby," said the woman. Woman Knowledge showed the children how to build a little fire by rubbing one stick into a groove and spinning it rapidly. Woman Knowledge told the children to gather a few pine nuts, which she pounded on top of a rock,





until it was a milky mass. She mixed this with the water and fed the baby. Taking some shredded bark, the woman changed the baby into a nice dry diaper. After taking care of the baby, Woman Knowledge told the girl to gather some acorns, and she told the boys to gather berries and to take their bows and arrows and go out to hunt for rabbits.

While the boys were gone, Woman Knowledge showed the girl how to pound the acorns on a bedrock mortar, using a long rounded stone. Then taking some rocks and sand, she placed the pounded acorns in a sieve-like basket, took it out to the river, and poured much water through it, thus taking out the bitterness. Soon, she heated some rocks in the fire and placed some water in one of the watertight baskets. Afterwards, she dropped the hot rocks into water and poured the pounded acorns; thus, Woman Knowledge made a mush. Woman Knowledge explained to the girl

that if time permitted, she would use the mixture for acorn bread. Thereafter, one of the boys had gathered some wild berries, and they roasted the rabbits. Thus, they had a nice meal.

Woman Knowledge said, "Remember children, you must pay attention to what your parents tell you, for I may not always be around to show you how to find your food. Remember, from the tules that grow around the river banks, you can make your sandals, loincloths, aprons, canoes, and thatchings for your houses."

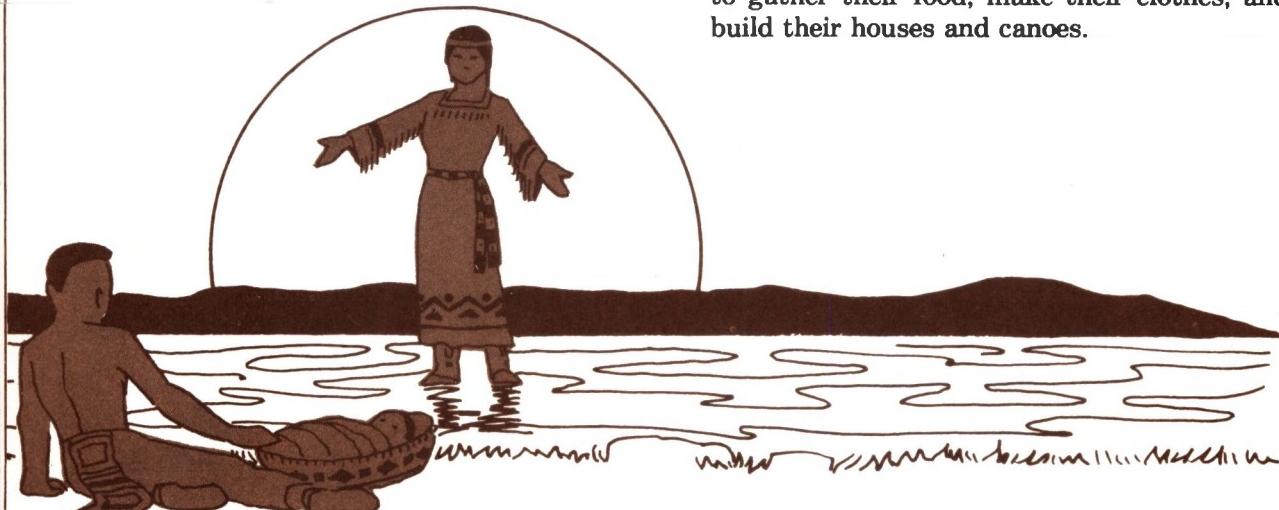
In return, the children promised that the next time their parents would show them how something was done, they would pay close attention.

"Goodbye, children. Remember my words," said The Keeper Of Woman Knowledge.

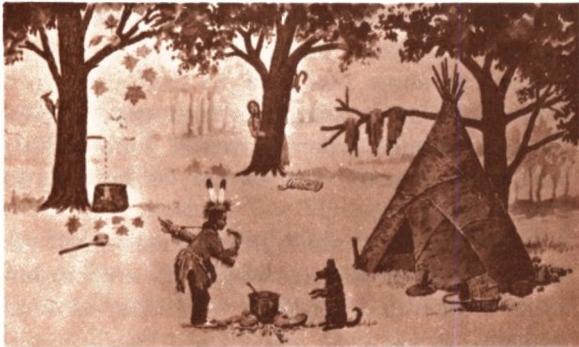
Far off in the distance, the children heard their parents; and soon, the family was happily reunited. The children were so glad to see their parents, and they began to tell their parents about the beautiful woman whom they had seen.

"You see, father!" said the mother. "They are good children, but they are also thoughtless and careless, otherwise the good woman, The Keeper Of Woman Knowledge, would not have come to teach the children if they had already been taught. Perhaps Fierce Old Bear might have caught them."

Thus, the children kept their word, for they minded their parents in everything they were told. The children were now glad to learn how to gather their food, make their clothes, and build their houses and canoes.



Evening Star



Many, many moons ago, Evening Star, a young maiden who was a new bride, was cooking her very first meal for her husband, Brave Hunter. She put the meat in the pot and poured some water on it, banked the hot coals, and sat down to continue her work. Meanwhile, Brave Hunter went out to the spring to hunt for fish.

Evening Star was highly skilled in embroidery work of porcupine quills, and she was trying to finish a pipe bag that she was making as a surprise for her new husband. She would take the quills and flatten them with her thumbnail taking the closest corners for fringe. She was very proud of her work and became so absorbed in it, she forgot all about her dinner.

Suddenly, she began to smell the meat, and she knew it had boiled dry. Now, she wanted to be a very good cook because her mother had told her that a man could get by with patched clothes, but he wanted a good meal to come home to.

She was very frightened and did not know what to do. It was such a long way to the spring, and like most young girls, Evening Star had forgotten to bring extra water. So she grabbed a jar of sweet maple water and quickly poured it in the pot, thinking that later she would return to the spring for more water and afterwards continue her work. In the early days, all the wigwams had a jar of this sweet maple water for drinking. In the springtime, Indians would bore a little hole with a stick in a maple tree and set a burden bark basket under

it to catch the sap that dripped off the end.

Finally, the late rays of the sun caught her attention and she realized that her husband would be back from his hunting trip. She went to the spring to fetch more water and returned to camp to oversee the meal she had prepared. She tried to stir it, but the meat had become a dark sticky mass and the wild rice had not browned enough. She was thoroughly frightened because she knew her husband might not forgive her for burning the meat, but Evening Star had poured sweet maple water on the wild rice and ruined it. Knowing it would be too late to cook another meal because Brave Hunter would soon be home, Evening Star ran away and hid in the forest.

Shortly after, Brave Hunter came home. He looked everywhere for his pretty bride, and he called for Evening Star but she still did not answer.

Being a healthy young man, he was hungry.



Seeing something steaming in the pot, he knew it was his dinner. He took out a piece of meat and noticed it was sticky and stringy, but knowing that his little bride had fixed it for him, Brave Hunter was sure it would be good. His frightened little bride watched nearby from behind a tree as her husband took a bite. Tossing a piece of meat to his dog, Brave Hunter seemed pleased as he went back to the pot for more and more, until he had eaten nearly all of it.

Finally, Evening Star crept back to camp, for she could see Brave Hunter was pleased and not angry. "Hello, Evening Star. Where have you been?" "I do not like to eat alone," said her husband.

"I am sorry. I thought I spoiled our fine meal," said Evening Star. "Why, this is the most wonderful meal a man could ever come home to. It is food fit for the gods!" replied her husband. She fell into his arms and sobbed out the whole story.

Brave Hunter said, "Evening Star, anything you would cook would be wonderful for you are the most wonderful wife a man ever had. Never be afraid to tell me when something goes wrong and never run off into the forest leaving me to come home to an empty camp."

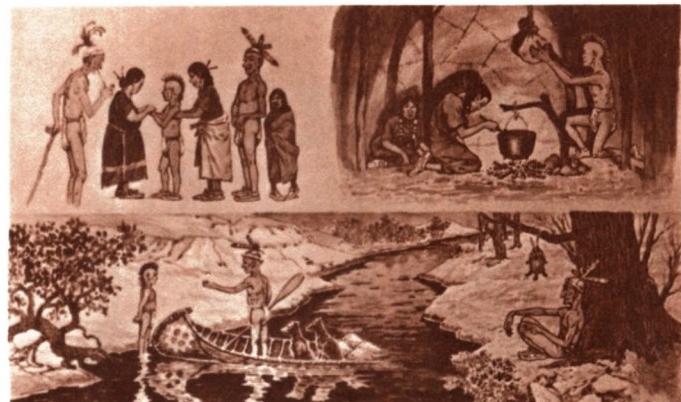
He sent for the chief of the camp, showed him the meat, and told him to taste it. The chief said, "I am full," but dipping a spoon into the sauce to taste it, the chief remarked, "You know, the sugary sauce makes a wonderful dessert, too!"

All the women of the village came to praise Evening Star and she showed them how she had used the sweet maple water and cooked it down for them. Thus, it was that the making of maple sugar was discovered.





The Seneca Legend of the Grand Island in New York



This is a legend of the Seneca Indian people of the Grand Island in New York and was a story recorded by my father Dr. Arthur C. Parker.

Many, many moons ago a little boy named Ganohwah lived with his grandparents in the deep woods. They were always sad, but would never tell him the reason why. When Ganohwah would ask them why, they would say, "Never go West boy." Ganohwah played around the woods for many years.

One day Ganohwah had reached the age of 14 years old and decided that he would go west and see what was making his grandparents so

unhappy. So he began his travels west. After walking several miles he came to a large swift river, and was delighted. Ganohwah then thought to himself, "What a wonderful place. There is nothing to fear in the west."

All of a sudden a voice said "Hello there. It is a beautiful stream. Come and get into my canoe and I will take you for a ride across the river and show you some wonderful islands."

"Who are you?" asked Ganohwah.

"Oh, I am a friend sent by your grandparents to see that no harm comes to you. They are pleased that you are beginning to think for yourself."



Ganohwah then got into the canoe with the stranger and his dog, and they paddled to a beautiful island. The center of the island was a large clump of trees and flowers. Ganohwah jumped out of the canoe, ran up to the clump of trees and flowers and said, "This is the most beautiful place I have ever seen." Then he turned to speak to the stranger, but the stranger was not there; he had disappeared. He was then frightened and began to shake with fear when he heard a voice near by, "My son, do not be afraid. Come here, Ganohwah," he turned and saw an old man sitting by a tree. The old man continued to talk and said, "Come quickly, boy, and get me my tobacco and pipe, for it has been such a long time since I have had a smoke."

Ganohwah got the pipe and filled it with tobacco and picking up a coal from a small fire nearby he lit the pipe for the old man. "Quickly, boy, place the pipe between my teeth, for you see I cannot move." Soon the old man was smoking and enjoying himself.

"Who are you?" asked Ganohwah.

"I am JisGa, your father. I have been here for a very long time, a prisoner, even as you are. This is an enchanted island, and the person who brought you is an evil man. Your sisters were captured by him and are here on this island too."

Ganohwah asked, "How can I save them?"

The old man answered, "If you will do as I say, and obey me, you can save us all."

"Yes, yes I will do any thing you ask me to do," replied Ganohwah.

The old man then said to his son, "You must bury yourself in the sand and hide. When the evil one comes back tonight he will look for you. Keep very still, for those dogs of his will tear you to pieces at his command. When he cannot find you he will go away. Then in the morning, go up to the wigwam in the center of the trees, and there you will see your sisters, although they will not know you. In the center of the wigwam, hangs a bag containing the magic that belongs to this evil one. Take it and throw it into the fire."

The boy did as he was told by his father. And when he threw the magic bag into the fire he heard the dogs began to howl and bark and

soon they were chasing the evil one off into the forest.

The father and his sisters were no longer under the spell of the evil one, so they hurried away from the island and headed back home. When the family had returned to their home, they heard the old grandparents crying for their lost ones. And when the grandparents saw their family they were overjoyed and could not believe their eyes. Now they will never be sad again, with the joy of having their family home again.

The grandparents turned to their family and said, "We are old and thought we were wise. But now we know it is wrong to forbid a boy of courage to go to the west. We were afraid we would never see the boy again. Now we know that through the strong courage and will of the boy, he was able to go to the forbidden land of the west, and bring back the happiness of our loved ones."





Mawadani Society Legend

Many, many moons ago, a great Dakota warrior named Brave Bear who was noted for his deeds of valor, grew tired of roaming so far for game. He decided to go into the territory of a peaceful group of Indians, whose lands abounded in game. He gathered together some of the other restless youths, and they prepared to drive these peaceful people from their land if necessary.

They traveled many days and nights. Soon, they sighted much game. They stopped in a shady grove that had a nice stream running through it. Here, the leader ordered the camp to be set up for the night. Hunters soon brought much game. As night came on, there was no sign of anyone trying to stop them; so, they built a fire and roasted fresh meat, bathed in the stream, and sat around and listened to stories of adventure and battles.

Soon, their supper was ready. The meat was piled upon clean leaves, broth was steaming in the wooden bowls, and they all held horn spoons in their hands.

They all sat around ready to eat; but as is the usual custom, the leader thanked the Great Spirit for bringing them safely through the many days and for giving them fresh game. A small portion of the food was carried out into the darkness and held up as an offering to the Great Spirit. It was very quiet during this ritual. Now and then, the cry of a bird or the eerie howl of a wolf could be heard. These and the crackling of the fire were the only sounds that intruded in this silent prayer.

Suddenly, the blessing ceremony was interrupted by the sound of a loud voice singing in the distance. It seemed to swell and roll and echo across the hills and valleys. Immediately, every warrior jumped up and grabbed his weapon, while one of them put out the fire. All of the men began to form a large circle around the sound of this song and closed in on this



bold singer, who would dare interrupt their meal and prayer.

Smaller and smaller grew the circle of men, cutting off all escape for the singer. Soon, they surrounded a large tree under which was a small mound of earth. The sounds of the song seemed to be coming from the remains of a tree burial. Still, they could hear the singer, but they could see no one. Suddenly, before their very eyes, a misty form of a chief could be seen; and he was singing with all his might.

"Stop," said Brave Bear, "This is the resting place of a brave warrior and chief, and he has happiness in his voice. Let us listen to what he has to say. Death has not silenced this brave man, for his song tells of one who has seen much danger with great courage, and he gave his life in the defense of his people."

"Let us all return to our village, for I am indeed ashamed that we were so greedy, thoughtless, and ready to invade our friends' and brothers' land of hunting and, if need be, to kill."

"We shall always remember the great voice that sang over his lonely fur at this place of solitude until his message of courage and happiness found an echo in our very hearts."

"We shall band together all our young men and teach them, in order to better serve all our people, the message of being generous, in time of peace, and not to allow their greed or ambitions to lead them so far astray that they would betray brothers of their own blood."

At this time, this society formed and continued to exist for many, many generations. The story and song of the Deathless One was handed down from one generation to another, and the Mawadani Society continued for many years thereafter.



The Night-Flying Animals

a Creek Indian Legend

The story I am about to tell you is one that the Creek Indians tell their children of just why the bat who flies about at night is called an animal.

Many, many moons ago, the birds challenged all the four-footed animals to a great ball game just to see who were the best players of this sport. It was agreed that all the animals who had teeth would be on one side and those who had feathers and wings would be on the other side.

The great day had arrived; and the goal posts were set up, the ground had been cleared, and the ball placed in the center. It would be the object of each team to toss the ball high in the air, and whoever caught it would throw it over the goal posts.

Now, the little bat wanted to play in the game, too. So he went to the wise old owl and said, "I fly. May I play on your side?"

"Who are your ancestors?" said the owl.

"No one knows," replied the bat, "But, I would like to play with your side."

"Well you have teeth, don't you?" inquired the owl. "Yes," replied the bat.

"Well, then, you belong with the animals," responded the owl.



The great crane remarked, "He is so small. How could he possibly help us? Begone with you," demanded the great crane.

Sadly, the little bat went over to the great moose and said to him, "I have wings and fly, but the birds don't want me because I have teeth."

"Ho, ho," laughed the great moose, "so you fly and have teeth." The great moose further added, "Make up your mind; don't you know what you are?"

"No one does," replied the little bat, "but, please let me be on your side. I may be small, but I can help."

"Oh well," said the moose, "no harm can come of it, but stay well out of the way and watch."

The great game began; and soon, the birds were winning. They would swoop up in the air and catch the ball, whereas the footed animals could not jump so high. The crane was the star of the day and made many a goal. The game was nearing its end, and the little bat begged the great moose to please let him play. All the animals agreed, telling him to go ahead as it couldn't be much worse than it was.

No sooner was the ball tossed in the air than the great eagle swooped over to catch it, but little bat was quicker, being lighter, and he soon made a goal. Again and again, he caught the ball for his side. Poor old Crane was soon tired as his heavy wings flapped heavily at his sides. Soon the game was ended, and the animals had the highest score and were the winners. They all agreed that even though little bat was a tiny creature with wings, they would call little bat their brother animal. And that is why the little bat, although he flies in the air and has wings, is called an animal.



The Cheyenne Legend of the Earth Woman

Many, many moons ago the Cheyenne were very hungry and starving. Famine had fallen upon the people. A drought had stopped the crops from growing. So their medicine men decided to go up into the hills and seek a dream as they fasted to see if they could help their people.

As the Cheyenne people sat together to talk about the drought and the famine that had fallen upon their nation, a medicine man appeared. It was Tall Pine. He was dressed in a beautiful buffalo robe, and his face was painted with dream designs. His feathers were arranged in a certain way. The people who were sitting together were amused to see the medicine man fully dressed. Suddenly, a second medicine man appeared. He, too, was dressed in a beautiful buffalo robe, and his face was also painted with dream designs like Tall Pine, the first medicine man. The people were now surely amused that both medicine men were dressed alike. It seemed strange.

The first medicine man, Tall Pine, asked, "My friend, what do you have against me, that you dress the same way I do?"

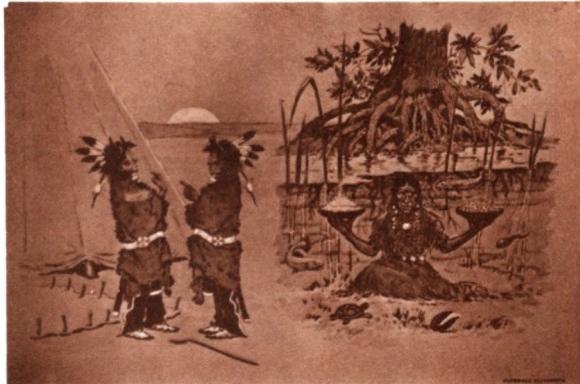
And the second medicine man, Big Tree, replied, "My friend, you do me an injustice. It was my dream that told me to dress this way."

Then Tall Pine said; "In my dream I was told to dress this way and was told to go to a spring where I will meet someone."

Since both medicine men had similar dreams, they decided to both go to the sacred spring and see who was right.

All the people followed the two medicine men, and they finally arrived at a spring. Then both Tall Pine and Big Tree took a step into the spring and sank to the bottom. When the medicine men got to the bottom of the spring they saw a wonderful woman.

"Why do you come?" said the woman.



Then answered the medicine men, "We have come because we both had the same dream. You told us how to paint our faces, dress and arrange our feathers. Our people are hungry and we are medicine men. We both want to help our people."

"My friends," said the woman, "You are both right; your hearts are the same and so I appeared to you in a vision. Here is a bowl of food for each one of you. Take it back to your people and you shall never be hungry again."

In one of the bowls was corn and in the other pounded meat called pemmican.

The two men took the bowls and rose to the surface of the water. The people were happy to see that the two medicine men had followed their dream and brought back with them food. All of the tribe ate from the bowls of food and no matter how much they ate, the bowls were always full of food.

Thus, the people were grateful to this woman for her generous deed and how she saved the tribe from hunger. The medicine men later had a dream of the same woman and she said, "My name is Earth Woman. I will always take care of my earth children who have faith and they will never go hungry." And that is why the earth is full of gifts and plants for us to eat. People will never go hungry again.

This is a legend told by the Cheyenne, of how their people first came to have the corn and pounded meat that gives them strength.



The Creation of the Land

a Seneca Legend

Many, many moons ago, before there was any land to live on, the people lived high in the heavens in a land of happiness. Great Hunter, who was the keeper of the Tree of Knowledge, was planning to go away on a trip. He told his wife, Spirit Woman, that she could enjoy everything about her but not to dig around the roots of the great tree.

He left on his trip and soon Spirit Woman was overcome with curiosity as to just why she could not dig around the roots of the Tree. She thought that just one little look would not hurt anything. So she dug a small hole and looked down into a land of darkness. Try as she could she could not cover up the hole. She took clouds and stuffed them into the hole, but it was bottomless.

Her husband came home and he was very angry. He said, "You have disobeyed me. Now go see what you were so curious to see." He pushed her through the hole in the sky.

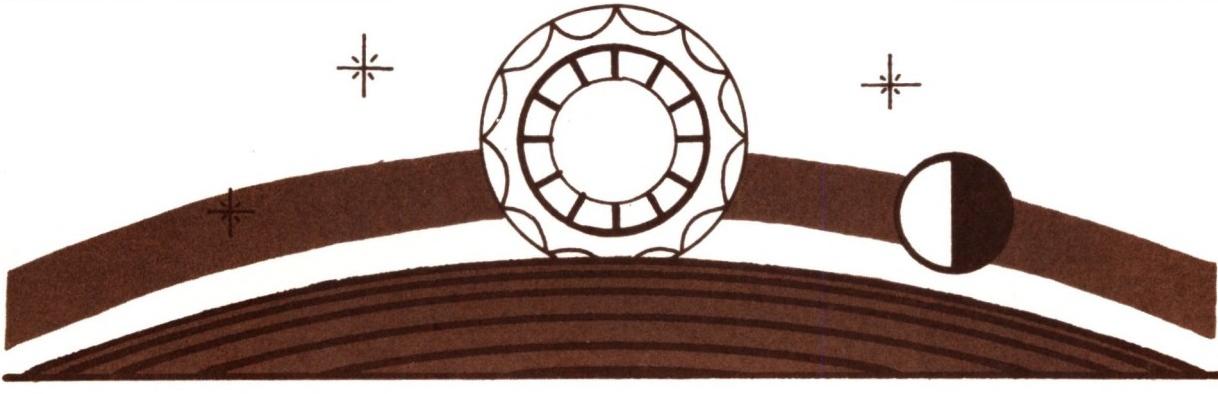
Down, down she floated gently. Looking up, the water birds saw a great light falling towards them. Not wishing the light to fall into the water and go out, they flew up and gently floated the Spirit Woman downward. The Great Turtle looked up and told the little water animals to dive down to the bottom of the



ocean and bring up bits of land. Many of them were drowned in their efforts, but many of them succeeded in bringing up bits of land which they patted on the Great Turtle's back, thus forming a great island.

As soon as Spirit Woman landed on the earth, she gave birth to two children. One was called Good; the other was a naughty child.

Spirit women not being able to stand the climate of earth, soon passed away. Good Child laid his mother gently under the earth, thus forming the good Mother Earth. He took portions of her garments and placed them in the sky, forming the sun, moon and stars in her memory.





Gigilgan Legend of the Totem Pole People

Omeal, the Raven had a beautiful daughter named Hataqa. He also had a sister named Crow, about the same age as Hataqa. She was jealous of the girl because all the young men of the village favored Hataqa. So she always tried to get her into trouble with her father.

Omeal, the Raven, was very strict. He demanded that every one of his tribe obey his rules. He insisted on honesty and truthfulness in everyone of the people. When he gave an order he wanted it obeyed. If not, he would punish the offender severely.

One day he sent Hataqa and Crow down to the beach to gather sea urchins. He cautioned them not to eat urchins as they were just for the men.

The girls soon had a large basketful and on the way home Crow said; "I am hungry."

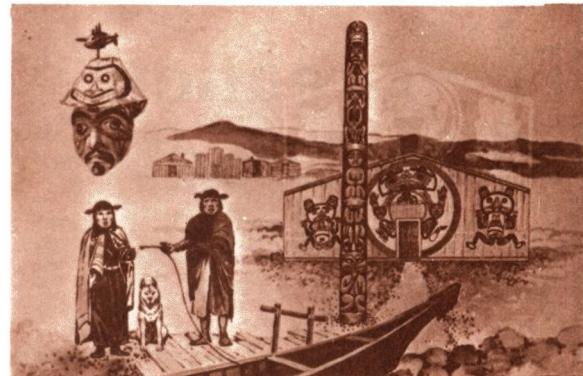
"I am hungry too," said Hataqa.

So Crow stopped and built a small fire and cooked some of the sea urchins. She began eating them. "Here have a taste," she said to Hataqa, "I won't tell."

"Oh, no, my father might be angry."

Crow replied, "Oh, go on and have some." So Hataqa took a small bite, and Crow jumped up on a log and began to yell at the top of her lungs: "Hataqa has stolen some sea urchins! Hataqa, has stolen some sea urchins!"

"Please don't yell so loud, Crow. Here, I will



give you my blanket and basket if you don't tell on me."

"Oh, that is not enough," she shouted again. "Hataqa has stolen some sea urchins; Hataqa has stolen some sea urchins."

"Please stop, Crow. Here, I will give you my apron."

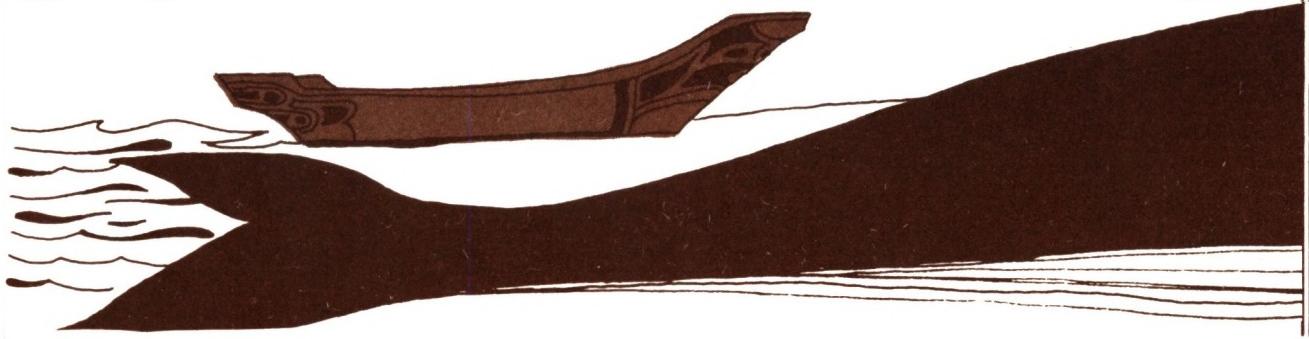
"Well, all right. I will take them," answered Crow.

But it was too late, for Omeal, the Raven, had heard. "What is this I hear about you stealing, Hataqa? Is it true?"

Hataqa answered; "Well, father, I only took a small bite of the sea urchin."

"You have disobeyed me and for that you shall be punished and no one of the tribe shall ever speak to you again."

So ordering the tribe to move their camp, they left Hataqa in a deserted village. But Hataqa's grandmother had pity for the girl. She knew she was young and so she left some fire in an abalone shell and two dogs to keep her company.



After everyone had left, the dogs began to howl, and Hataqa went over and found the fire. She built herself a small cedar twig hut and with the two dogs she lived in the hut for days. She had made herself some fish baskets of twigs, and at low tide she would go to the beach and set them out. When the tide was high it would fill the basket with fish and this is what Hataqa lived on.

One morning when she went to the beach to get some fish, she saw a canoe pulling up, and standing beside a small landing was Aikas, her sweetheart. "I am so glad to see you Aikas, but my father will cast you out of the tribe."

"Who cares," said Aikas. "I have come to marry you and organize my own land. Here, I brought you a present."

He gave her a long rope and she tugged on it, but it was too heavy for her.

"What is this?" she asked.

"It's a whale for your wedding feast."

He invited all his relatives and they built a big beautiful house for his bride. They had many sons and daughters to carry on the Clan of the Gigilqan Indian People.



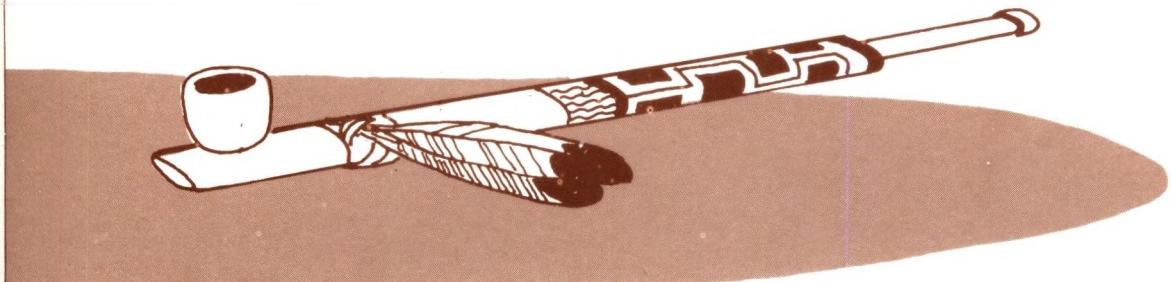
LAWS of the LODGE

- Be hospitable, be kind; always assume that your guest is tired, cold and hungry. If even a hungry dog enter your lodge, feed him.
- Give your guest the place of honor in your lodge and at a feast.
- Never sit while your guest stands.
- Do not be stingy with your guest; go hungry if necessary. If he refuses certain food, say nothing as he may be fasting.
- Protect your guest as you would one of the family.
- Feed his horse; punish your dogs if they harm his dog.
- Do not ask your guest too many questions about himself; he will tell you what he wants you to know.
- When in another man's lodge, follow his rules, not your own.
- Never worry your friend with your troubles.
- Always repay calls of courtesy; do not delay.
- Give your friend a little present when you leave. Little presents are little courtesies and never give offense.





- Say thank you for every gift no matter how small.
- Never come between anyone and the fire.
- Never walk between persons talking. Never interrupt persons talking.
- In council, listen attentively to the other man's word as though they were words of wisdom, however much they may be otherwise.
- When you address the council, carry a green sprig in your hand, that yours may be living words.
- Always give your place to your elders in entering or leaving the lodge.
- Never sit while your seniors stand.
- Let silence be your motto till duty bids you speak.
- Speak softly, especially before your elders.
- Remember the women of the lodge are the keepers of the fire, but the men should help with the heavier sticks.
- When setting up the tepees, keep the camp circle with its opening to the east and the door of each tepee to the sunrise.





Iron Eyes Cody's long and varied career began near Muscogee, Oklahoma where he was born to French-Cherokee parents. His early years were spent on the family ranch in Texas. By the age of ten, a lifelong involvement with the world of entertainment had already begun and Iron Eyes left home to pursue his career. Although homesickness quickly brought him home, he was soon offered a chance to work in a film being made on the family's property. At this point, he decided upon an acting career. His remarkable talents as Indian dancer, stunt man, and actor have kept him in the public eye since the days of silent films. In recent years, his poignant portrayal of the "Indian with the tear in his eye" for the Keep American Beautiful, Inc. commercials has made him famous world over. Iron Eyes is active in many charitable and public service organizations, and is much in demand as author, lecturer, and consultant on Indian affairs.

Birdie Parker Cody, beloved wife of Iron Eyes, worked closely with him until her death. The daughter of the eminent anthropologist and scientist, Dr. Arthur Parker, she was the mother of his two sons and co-worker in the many projects they undertook together.

